

*Susan Harris II*

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #37

VTR DATE: 1/28/76

by

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FINAL DRAFT  
1/22/76

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
HEATHER . . . . .	CLAUDIA LAMB
MAE OLINSKI . . . . .	SALOME JENS
DR. FERMIN . . . . .	OLIVER CLARK
MORT LUNDERS . . . . .	

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ACT ONEMARY'S KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

MARY, SOLA, IS PREPARING THE FAMILY'S BREAKFAST. SHE SEEMS THOUGHTFUL. ACTUALLY, SHE IS HAVING SOME SECOND -- AND THIRD -- THOUGHTS ABOUT HAVING GOTTEN STONED LAST NIGHT. TOM, CARRYING THE MORNING PAPER, ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM. THERE IS A SOMEWHAT STRAINED AIR OF SHARED GUILT, SHAME, UNCERTAINTY. HE GOES TO TABLE, SITS, OPENS NEWSPAPER, STARTS TO READ.

MARY

Is Heather up?

TOM

Yeah, she'll be right down. (BEAT) How do you feel?

MARY

All right. (BEAT) How do you feel?

TOM

Okay. One thing I'll say for smoking marijuana: it doesn't give you a hangover. (BEAT) You think maybe we shouldn't have done it?

MARY

We only did it for parental purposes. So we could tell Heather how awful it is.

TOM

Did you think it was awful?

MARY

Tom, it's a drug. It's illegal. It alters your mind.

TOM

I know, but did you think it was awful?

MARY

It was okay until...

TOM

I don't want to talk about that!

MARY

But Tom -- a lot of women aren't sure about orgasms.

TOM

Not my wife. My wife is sure.

MARY

But I am your wife and I just don't know enough about it to know if --

TOM

Mary, we've been married fourteen years.

MARY

But that doesn't guarantee orgasms.

TOM

Mary, I don't want to hear that word again!

MARY

Tom, I'm not saying I never had one -- I just don't know how I can be sure.

TOM

Well, I'm sure. You've had plenty, Mary.  
More than your share. Just take it from  
me. I know -- I was there.

MARY

All right, Tom -- for now.

TOM

For now and forever. Now, let's get  
back to the subject. How do you feel  
about smoking pot?

MARY

Well, we only did it so we'd be able to  
tell Heather how awful it is.

TOM

I thought you said you didn't think it  
was awful.

MARY

(EXPLAINING) What it does to you isn't  
awful. What's awful is using it.

TOM

Oh.

MARY

Don't you agree?

TOM

Sure. Especially for a kid.

MARY

Exactly.



TOM

So what are you going to tell Heather?

HEATHER ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM.

MARY

(FORCED PLEASANTNESS) Hea-ther. Good morning.

HEATHER

(GOING TO TABLE) H1. Can I have part of the paper?

MARY

Darling, you shouldn't read while you're eating. It's bad for you.

HEATHER

Why?

MARY

It makes the blood go to your head instead of staying in your body to help you digest your food.

HEATHER

That's enzymes.

MARY

What?

HEATHER

You digest food with exzymes, not blood.

MARY

Are you sure?

HEATHER

They told us in biology class.

MARY

Oh.

HEATHER

Anyway, Daddy reads while he's eating.

MARY

Maybe men's enzymes are different.

HEATHER

No. They're not.

MARY

Well, don't read now, darling. Your father wants to tell you something.

TOM

I do? What?

MARY

You know: what we were just talking about.

TOM

I thought you were going to tell her.

HEATHER

While you're deciding, can I have part of the paper?

MARY

Heather, listen. I want to talk to you about something very important.

HEATHER

What?

MARY

Marijuana.

HEATHER

You talked to me about that yesterday.

MARY

But I know more about it today.

HEATHER

How come?

MARY

That's a very intelligent question,  
Heather. I'm glad you're paying attention.  
Wasn't that a very intelligent question,  
Tom?

TOM

Absolutely.

HEATHER

What did you do? Smoke that joint you  
took away from me yesterday?

MARY

Heather, that's a very impertinent  
question. I like you much better when  
you ask intelligent questions.

HEATHER

Where is it?

MARY

Where is what?

HEATHER

The joint. (GOES TO THE WASTEBASKET)

MARY

What are you doing, Heather?



HEATHER

Looking for that joint you threw in here.

MARY

Heather, do not rummage through the wastebasket. It's very unlady-like to rummage through a wastebasket.

HEATHER

It's not here. You smoked it, didn't you?

MARY

Tom, tell Heather not to be impertinent.

TOM

Heather, don't be impertinent.

HEATHER

Don't you know it can damage your brain?

MARY

Do you actually believe that your very own mother would actually smoke an actual marijuana cigarette?

HEATHER

Why not? All the parents of all the kids I know smoke it.

MARY

That's terrible. It could damage their brains.

HEATHER

(GETTING HER LUNCH BOX) I know. That's why I'd never smoke it. I'm going to school. (EXITS)

MARY

She didn't finish her breakfast.

TOM

You didn't finish your lecture on the  
evils of marijuana.

MARY

I know. Do you think maybe I was saying  
it wrong?

TOM

Could be.

MARY

I tell you, being an intelligent parent  
to an impertinent child is very difficult.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOSCENE 1HAGGERS LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

LORETTA, HER USUAL BRIGHT AND PERKY SELF, IN HER WHEEL CHAIR, IS BEING SERVED BREAKFAST BY CHARLIE WHO IS KIND OF DOWN THIS MORNING, A CONDITION HE TRIES TO HIDE FROM HER.

LORETTA

Charlie Hagers, I swear you are the best cook that ever came down the pike.

CHARLIE

Well, you inspire me.

LORETTA

Even after I get out of this wheel chair, I'd let you do all the cooking for this family, except that once we make a new demonstration record and I become a superstar, we'll be so rich we'll have a whole downright slew of servants to do menial stuff like that.

CHARLIE

I'm glad to see you're in such a good mood today.

LORETTA

Glory, why shouldn't I be, with a sweet  
Baby Boy like you waiting on me hand and  
foot.

CHARLIE

I thought maybe you'd be a little down  
in the mouth on account of what happened  
with Dorelda Doremus last night.

LORETTA

You mean on account of her not being  
able to raise me up?

CHARLIE

Well, yeah.

LORETTA

Shoot, that doesn't make any what-for.  
I know why that happened. I figured it.

CHARLIE

Why?

LORETTA

Because a television station isn't any  
place for miracles to get done. Dorelda  
Doremus is gonna raise me up when we go  
to her big revival meeting in the tent  
next week.

CHARLIE

I sure hope you're right.

LORETTA

Of course I'm right. The place for miracles is a tent. That's the Lord's preference. It always has been and it always will be. I don't know why He's got this thing for tents, but, like they say, He works in ways mysterious. The Lord saves his miracles for tents.

SFX: DOORBELL

CHARLIE

I'll see who that is, honey. You finish your breakfast. (STARTS TO FRONT DOOR)

HE OPENS FRONT DOOR, REVEALING MORT LUNDERS. MORT IS A PUDGY, MIDDLE-AGED MAN, HIS CLOTHES RATHER BAGGY AND HIS POCKETS STUFFED WITH PIECES OF PAPER. CHARLIE HAS NO IDEA WHO HE IS.

CHARLIE

Hello?

MORT

Mort Lunders. I represent Acme Real Estate Agency. Here's my card. (REACHES INTO POCKET, COMES OUT WITH A SLIP OF PAPER) No, that's not it. (PUTS PAPER BACK IN POCKET, STARTS LOOKING FOR CARD)

CHARLIE

Real estate agency?

MORT

You must be the divorced couple.



CHARLIE

Divorced?

MORT

Yeah, aren't you the party selling the house because you're getting a divorce?

CHARLIE

Heck, no. You're looking at the happiest married man in Fernwood. You must have the wrong address.

MORT

No, I've got the right address, just the wrong clipping. Let's see which news story was that. (RIFFLES SHEAF OF NEWS CLIPPINGS) Oh, you're the new widower. Sorry about your wife getting electrocuted in the bathtub. My deepest condolences. (LOOKS AROUND) I'll give you twenty-nine, five for the house and furniture.

CHARLIE

Looky here -- my wife never got electrocuted in any bathtub, and I don't know what you're talking about. This house isn't for sale.

MORT

Oh, it's listed. I got that part straight. The Friendly Loan Company gives us all their foreclosure business.

CHARLIE

Foreclosure? I don't know what you...

LORETTA HAS WHEELED HERSELF IN, MORT  
SPOTS HER.

MORT

(TAKES ANOTHER CLIPPING. LIGHT DAWNS)

Oh, here it is -- you're the cripple.

Name of Haggars. Right?

CHARLIE

My name is Haggars but that's the only  
thing you got right. This house ain't  
for sale.

MORT

Well, it will be if you don't make your  
payment to the Friendly Loan Company in  
ten days, and the word they give us is  
there's no way that's going to happen, so  
I'm here to look the place over and make  
an offer. (STARTS WANDERING AROUND THE  
ROOM, INSPECTING)

LORETTA

Charlie, what is this man talking about?

CHARLIE

I don't know, Loretta, and he doesn't  
either.

MORT

Not a bad little house. Should look a  
lot better once it's cleaned up. You  
planning to leave the drapes?

CHARLIE

We're not planning to leave period.

At least not 'til we move to the ranch house we're gonna buy outside Nashville.

MORT

You better take another look at that agreement you signed with the loan company. I'm gonna take a look at the rest of the house. Don't bother showing me around, I can find my way. I'll just be a minute. I've got to check on a house down the street. (LOOKS AT ANOTHER SLIP OF PAPER) Party named Wikes. Put so much money into aluminum siding, he can't keep up his mortgage payments. Know him?

CHARLIE

No, and I don't know that I like you wandering around my house. A man's home is his castle.

MORT

Yeh, but castles get foreclosed on, too, you know. (EXITS TO KITCHEN)

LORETTA

Charlie, I got a funny feeling that Friendly Loan Company ain't as all-fired friendly as it makes out to be.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2MARY'S KITCHEN

MARY, SOLA, IS WASHING THE BREAKFAST DISHES.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

MARY

Come in.

DOOR OPENS AND MAE, LOOKING MOROSE  
AND WOBBLY, ENTERS)

MARY (CONT'D)

Mae, if you've come to see Tom, he's  
not here. And anyway, just because  
you've had an affair with my husband, it  
doesn't make you welcome in his wife's  
house. I'm sorry if that sounds  
inhospitable.

MAE

I didn't come to see Tom. I came to  
see you, Mary.

MARY

Do you know what time it is? You'll be  
late for work.

MAE

I'm not going to work today.

MARY

Why? Are you sick?

MAE

(MISERABLE SIGH) Yes...

MARY

You know, you don't look well. You want a Bufferin? It's buffered.

MAE

(DRAMATIC) No, Mary. All the Bufferin in the world wouldn't cure what I'm suffering from.

MARY

Oh, dear -- it it contagious? Heather is very susceptible to germs.

MAE

I'm heart-sick, Mary. And it's your fault.

MARY

My fault? I didn't have an affair with your husband. I'm the one who's got a right to be heart-sick. But I'm not because I believe in positive thinking, and, anyway, Tom isn't having an affair with you any more.

MAE

You told me I could have him, Mary.

MARY

What???

MAE

The last time I saw you. In Dr. Fermina's office. You told me I could have him. You said you were never going to take him back.



MARY

That was just a wife talking. You  
couldn't possibly have believed that.

MAE

But I did. Oh, yes, I did.

MARY

No, I can't accept that. There must be  
some other reason why you're heart-sick.

MAE

Reason? I've got a million reasons.  
My whole life is the reason. It's empty  
and barren and lonesome. Two broken  
marriages... a rotten job... no love.  
You're lying to me about Tom was just  
the last straw.

MARY

Well, I guess I can accept that. (ADDS  
QUICKLY) But that doesn't mean you can  
have him.

MAE

I know. I can have nothing. Nothing.  
That's why I took the pills.

MARY

Pills? What pills?

MAE GIVES HER A SAD MONA LISA SMILE.

MARY (CONT'D)

How many pills did you take?

MAE

Enough.

MARY

You mean you... you... you actually took pills?

MAE

(A TOUCH OF PRIDE) Yes, I did.

MARY

But I don't understand. I mean, if you ... took... pills... if you're...

MAE

Don't be afraid to say it. The word is suicide.

MARY

I know, I know. But if that's what you're committing, why are you committing it here?

MAE

Because you and Tom are the only real friends I have.

MARY

You took my husband, you slept with my husband, what do you mean "the only real friends you have"?

MAE

He cared enough to sleep with me. You cared enough to talk to me.

MARY

And just on account on that, we're your  
best friends?

MAE

That's right.

MARY

Wow, that's lonely.

AND WITH THAT MAE COLLAPSES ON THE  
FLOOR.

MARY (CONT'D)

(SHAKING HER HEAD IN DISMAY) Lonely.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEMARY'S KITCHEN -- FOLLOWING

IN WHICH LOUISE LASSER BECOMES THE  
DSTAFF BUSTER KEATON. FOR A BRIEF  
MOMENT, MARY IS FROZEN IN PANIC.  
THEN SHE HURRIES TO MAE)

MARY

Mae. Mae. Are you all right? (PATS  
MAE'S HAND) Mae, say something -- please!  
What'll I do? I know: I'll call the  
doctor.

MARY GOES TO PHONE, DIALS, WAITS.

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO MAE) I'm calling the doctor, Mae.  
Good idea? (TO PHONE) Hello, this is  
Mrs. Fermin, let me talk to Dr. Hartman.  
I mean Mrs. Hartman, let me talk to  
Dr. Fermin. It's an emergency.

SHE LOOKS AT MAE.

MARY (CONT'D)

I don't think you should be lying there  
like that, Mae. It can't be comfortable.

SHE SETS DOWN THE PHONE AND HURRIES  
BACK TO MAE.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(TRYING TO LIFT MAE) Come on now, up  
we go, on your feet.

MAE BEING THE BIGGER OF THE TWO,  
MARY ISN'T MAKING MUCH PROGRESS,  
BUT SHE KEEPS TRYING.

FERMIN'S VOICE

(FILTER) Hello... Hello...

MARY

(STILL TRYING) All right, here we go:  
one, two, three.

MAE OPENS HER EYES AND BECOMES  
HALF-CONSCIOUS.

MAE

(MUMBLES) My best friend...

MARY

No, no -- it's Mary Hartman. Just Mary  
Hartman, remember?

MAE

(A SLIGHT SMILE) Mary Hartman, Mary  
Hartman... my best friend.

FERMIN'S VOICE

(FILTER) Hello... Hello...

MARY

(STRAINING TO LIFT) Come on, stand up.

LEANING HEAVILY ON MARY WHO COLLAP-  
SES TO HER KNEES, MAE ALMOST RISES,  
FALLS ACROSS MARY'S SHOULDERS,  
PUSHING MARY DOWN ON ALL FOURS.  
MARY IS NOW ON HER HANDS AND KNEES,  
MAE LYING ACROSS HER.



MARY (CONT'D)

I think maybe we'd better try something else, Mae. (CALLS TOWARD PHONE) Hold the wire, I'll be right with you.

MARY PULLS A CHAIR TOWARD HER, MANAGES TO PUSH MAE OFF HER BACK, ONTO THE CHAIR. MAE IS DRAPED OVER THE CHAIR SEAT MUCH AS SHE WAS OVER MARY'S BACK. HOLDING HER BACK IN PAIN, MARY FINALLY MANAGES TO RISE.

MARY (CONT'D)

(CALLS TO PHONE) Be there in a minute.

(THEN TO MAE) We're going to try this one more time.

MARY TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN GRABS MAE UNDER THE ARMS, PULLS MAE TOWARD HER. MAE SUDDENLY STRAIGHTENS UP, BUT THEN JUST AS SUDDENLY FALLS BACKWARD ON MARY. MARY BANGS INTO THE WALL, IS PINNED THERE BY THE UNCONSCIOUS MAE, SLOWLY MARY SLIDES DOWN THE WALL TO THE FLOOR, LEAVING MAE PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL. SHE CRAWLS BETWEEN MAE'S SPRAWLED LEGS, REGAINS HER FEET.

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO MAE) I'll be right with you: I must get to the telephone. (AT THE PHONE -- OUT OF BREATH) Hello? Dr. Fermin? It's Mary Hartman someone just took pills. What should I do?

FOLLOWING IS TWO-WAY WITH FERMIN IN HIS OFFICE.

FERMIN

Pills? What kind of pills? How many?

MARY

Wait a minute, I'll ask her.

MARY LOOKS TO MAE, SEES THAT SHE  
IS SLIPPING DOWN THE WALL.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hold the wire.

MARY HURRIES BACK TO MAE, MANAGES  
TO PROP HER MORE SECURELY AGAINST  
THE WALL.

MARY (CONT'D)

How many pills did you take, Mae? And  
what kind? I'm not trying to be personal:  
the doctor wants to know. (SHE SHAKES  
MAE) Pills, Mae! Tell me about the pills.  
What kind? How many?

MAE

(MUMBLES) Pills... all I had... sleeping  
pills... ss... seven.

MARY

Good girl.

LEAVING MAE PROPPED AGAINST THE  
WALL, SHE RACES BACK TO THE PHONE.

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE) Sleeping pills -- all she  
had -- seven.

FERMIN

Seconal?

MARY

I don't know, but she keeps falling  
down. Is that Seconal?

FERMIN

Is she a relation, Mrs. Hartman?

MARY

No, a friend... well, not really a friend  
... I mean... well, she says I'm her best  
friend... but my feelings for her...  
actually she's been very close to my  
husband. Doctor, what should I do?  
Personally, I could kill her, but...

FERMIN

All right, Mrs. Hartman -- don't get  
hysterical. I'll come right over.  
Meanwhile, keep her moving and give her  
a lot of coffee.

MARY

What kind? Regular or instant?

FERMIN

Either.

MARY

All I have is freeze-dried crystals. That  
okay?

FERMIN

Fine. I'll be over soon.

FERMIN HANGS UP. CAMERA STAYS  
WITH MARY. MAE IS SLIPPING DOWN  
AGAIN. MARY HURRIES TO HER,  
MANAGES TO PROP HER UP.

MARY

The doctor says to keep moving, Mae.  
Let's take a nice little walk.

WITH MAE LEANING HEAVILY ON HER,  
MARY STAGGERS HER AROUND FOR A BIT.

MAE

Where are we going?

MARY

Oh, maybe to the icebox -- then back  
to the stove? I want to make you some  
coffee.

MARY MANAGES TO LEAN MAE UP AGAINST  
THE WALL.

MARY (CONT'D)

Now you stay right here and I'll put  
on the water.

LEAVING MAE PROPPED AGAINST THE  
WALL, MARY PUTS WATER INTO A  
KETTLE AND PUTS THE KETTLE ON  
THE STOVE

MARY (CONT'D)

Do you take cream and sugar, Mae?

MAE

Just black. Have to watch my figure.

MARY

Oh, yes -- me, too. Never touch 'em.

MAE SLIDES DOWN TO THE FLOOR AND  
ENDS UP SITTING PROPPED AGAINST  
THE WALL. MARY COMES BACK TO HER.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're going to be okay, Mae -- I know  
you are.

MAE

(GROGGY AND MISERABLE) Oh, Mary, I'm so  
ashamed. I botched the whole thing. I  
can never do anything right.

MARY

(SYMPATICA) Yes, I know how it is. I  
have days like that, too.

FADE OUT



ACT FOURMARY'S KITCHEN -- LATE AFTERNOON

MARY IS AT THE STOVE. TOM COMES HOME FROM WORK.

TOM

H1. (PROCEEDS TO REFRIGERATOR FOR CAN OF BEER) Have a good day?

MARY

(SHE MAKES AN EQUIVOCATING GESTURE)

I've had better, I've had worse.

TOM

So what happened?

MARY

(HOW TO BREAK THE NEWS) I had company.

TOM

So what else is new? You're always having company. Listen, I've got something to tell you.

MARY

Good. What?

TOM

Charlie came around to the plant this afternoon. He's trying to get his old job back, but they're not hiring.

MARY

Oh, that's too bad. Listen, Tom, speaking of trouble...

TOM

He's in a peck of trouble. He may lose his house.

MARY

How come?

TOM

On account of that loan he took out.

MARY

Where'll they live?

TOM

Well, he wanted to know if they could move in with us for a while.

MARY

Here? With us?

TOM

Yeah.

MARY

What did you tell him?

TOM

Well, you know I wouldn't make a decision like that without consulting you.

MARY

So what did you tell him?

TOM

I told him I was sure it would be okay with you.

FERMIN, WITH HIS DOCTOR BAG,  
ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM.

TOM (CONT'D)

(NATURALLY SURPRISED) Dr. Fermin!

FERMIN

Don't panic. She's going to be all right.

TOM

Heather. What's happened to Heather?

MARY

Heather's not here, Tom.

TOM

She's in the hospital?

MARY

No, she's over at Bernice's house. It's  
Mae.

TOM

What's Mae?

MARY

That's here.

TOM

Mae's here? Mae Olinsky?

MARY

Uh huh.

TOM

(INCREASINGLY BEWILDERED) What's Mae  
Olinsky doing here?

MARY

Well, we are her best friends, Tom.

TOM

What are you talking about??

MARY

I know, I was surprised, too. I had no idea until she told me.

TOM

Mary, what's going on around here???

FERMIN

I'd like to stay for the end of this, but I have to see another patient.

MARY

Of course, Dr. Fermin.

FERMIN

I just want you to know she's going to be all right. But her frame of mind is very poor. She shouldn't be left alone -- She just might try it again.

TOM

Just might try what again?

MARY

Suicide.

TOM

Suicide? Here?? Mae???

FERMIN

Goodbye then.

MARY

Goodbye, Dr. Fermin.

FERMIN EXITS.

TOM

Mary, will you please tell me what has...

TOM CUTS OFF AS MAE, IN BETTER  
SHAPE THAN WHEN LAST WE SAW HER,  
BUT WAN AND STILL SHAKEY, ENTERS  
FROM LIVING ROOM, CLAD IN MARY'S  
BATHROBE WHICH IS MUCH TOO SMALL  
FOR HER)

MAE

I'm going home now, Mary. Hello, Tom.

TOM JUST STARES AT HER, STILL  
BEWILDERED.

MARY

Oh, no... you can't go home.

MAE

(A SMILE) I can't?

TOM

Mary... if she wants to go home... let  
her.

MARY

(LOOKING FROM TOM TO MAE) The doctor  
says you mustn't be alone.

TOM

Then she'll get a friend to look after  
her.

MARY

(MOVING TO TOM, NOSE-TO-NOSE, OBVIOUSLY  
HOPING NOT TO BE OVERHEARD) Tom -- don't  
embarrass her. A woman who looks like  
that has no friends.

TOM

Mae? (A LAUGH) She has lots of friends.

MARY

Sure -- those kinds of friends. But...  
not friends friends. You know...

TOM

No, I don't. And you don't either! It's  
not our responsibility, Mary.

MAE

(MOVING BETWEEN THEM, BEAMING) Are you  
two fighting over me?

TOM

Of course not.

MARY

(TRYING TO EXPLAIN) It's just that Tom  
doesn't understand, Mae.

TOM

I understand. This is our home. Mae  
has her home. She wants to go to her  
home. I want her to go to her home.  
What I can't understand is why you don't  
want her to go to her home.

MARY

(OUT OF THE SIDE OF HER MOUTH -- IN AN  
EFFORT TO KEEP MAE FROM HEARING -- BUT  
MAE, OF COURSE, IS RIGHT WITH THEM AND  
HEARS EVERYTHING) She may try it again,  
Tom. What then?

MAE

(TO TOM -- EAGERLY) Yeah, what then?

TOM

It's not our responsibility.

MAE

(TURNING TO MARY, EXPLAINING IT WITH A SHRUG) Not your responsibility, Mary.

MARY

But we can't just abandon her -- we're all she has, Tom.

TOM

I tell you she has other friends.

MARY

But we're her best friends.

TOM

Since when?

MAE

(SMILING) Since this afternoon -- when Mary saved my life.

TOM

Stay out of this, Mae, will you? This is between me and my wife.

MAE

But it's about me. And I can't stand to see you two fight. Especially about me. I love you guys.

MARY

(SMILING WARMLY) Isn't that sweet, Tom?

TOM

Stay out of this, Mary.



MAE

I'd rather die than see you two guys  
fight. I won't impose on you any longer.  
And I don't need anybody to take care of  
me. I'm fine -- perfectly fine. I can...

MAE FAINTS -- TOM MANAGING TO CATCH  
HER BEFORE SHE HITS THE FLOOR.  
HOLDING HER IN A CLUMSY POSITION,  
HE LOOKS TO MARY FOR EXPLANATION OF  
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON.

MARY

(STARING DOWN AT MAE) I'm not a guy.

FADE OUT

END EPISODE #37